A proper new Ballad, Entituled The Gallant *GRAHAMES.*

To its own proper Tune; *I will away, and I will not ſtay,* &c.

BEtrayed me, how can this be;
even by day light upon a day,
I met Prince *Charles* our Royal King,
and all the *Grahames* in their aray;
They were well dreſt in Armour keen
upon the pleaſant Banks of *Tay*
Before a King they might been ſeen
thoſe gallant *Grahames* in their aray.
I have no Gold, *I* have no Land,
nor have I pearl nor precious ſtone,
But I will ſell my ſilken ſneed
to ſee the *Grhames* bnt wellcome home.
To ſpeak of thoſe *Grahames I* think it beſt
they're men amongſt good Company,
Into the Lands where we did walk
they're Lords into the *South* Conntrie,
They wan the praiſe in *Wallace* days,
for the Summer Flower did never ſpring
As the gallant *Grahames* in Armour clear
did then appear before their King.
At the *Gouk-head* we ſet our Camps,
our Leagure down there for to ſtay,
Upon a dainty Summers day,
we rode our white Horſe and our Gray
For they were then in Armour ſheen,
as Gold ſhines on a Summers day
The gallant *Grahames* were aſſembled there
before King *Charles* his Majeſty.
I'll crown them night, I'll crown them day,
and above great Lords of high degree:
For all the Lords that I have ſeen,
the *Grahames* are the braveſt Company.
As I came by the *Bunches Park*,
I heard my true Loves Sitter's Son,
We lous'd our Cannons on every ſide,
even for the honour of our King.
Our falſe Commanders hath betray'd our Prince
and ſold him to his Enemy,
By a Nobleman to *Cromwel* then,
ſo I care not what they do to me.
For he ſtrives to ſubdue the Land,
and over *England* to be King:
Fair *Scotland* by him to be govern'd,
and over the Nations for to reign.
They have betray'd our noble *Prince*,
and baniſht him from his Royal Crown,
But the gallant *Grahames* have tane in hand
for to command that Traitor Lown.
Now *Dalgatie* was ſtout and bold,
coragious in high degree:
But for the Cavileers they were all ſold,
And young *Harthill* a Cavileer too,
Nathaniel Gordon, both ſtout and keen,
Newtoun Gordon, Burd alone;
Upon the Green he might been ſeen,
for a braver Face was never born,
A braver man was never born
neither in *Kent* nor Chriſtendom:
To fight now for his *Royal* King,
Lord give his Enemies their doom.
At *Coble heugh* where we did advance,
our Parliament there for to ſtay:
But our Nobles then were baniſht off
at *Glen-Ila* then where we took the way,
Glen *proſen*, where we *Rendezvouted*,
to Glen *ſhie* we marcht, both night & day,
And of *Bredalbine* we took the Town,
and met the *Campbells* in aray.
Ten thouſand men in Armour ſtrong
did meet the gallant *Grahames* to play,
At *Invertochie* where they began,
and about two Thouſand men were they.
And tho their number did far exceed
the gallant *Grahames* upon that day:
Yet their hearts were true, they did not fear
to meet the *Campbells* in their deray:
For the *Gordons* then did give a wheel
to face the *Campbells* upon that day,
Who from their friends fled faraback,
& unto their Enemies for ever and ay.
Gallant *Montroſe* then that Chiftain bold,
couragious in high degree;
Did for his King fight valiantlie,
the Lord preſerve his Majeſtie.
Now fare you well you *Innerdale*,
Lord *Keith* and kindred I bid adieu,
And I ſhall away, and I will not ſtay
to ſome uncouth Land that I never knew.
To wear the Blew I think it beſt,
by any colour that I ſee:
Chear up your hearts brave Cavileers,
for the *Grahames* are gone to *Germanie*.
To *France* & *Flanders* where they did advance
and *Germanie* who gave them fame:
For my Lord *Abayn* is to the Sea,
young *Huntly* is his noble name.
He went to *France* for his Royal King
King *Charles* then and above degree;
We'll give the honour to the noble *Grahames*,
for they are a brave Companie.
Montroſe then our Chiftain bold,
to *Scotland* free is come again:
For to redeem fair *Scotlands* Land,
the pleaſant, gallant, worthy *Grahame*.
At the water of *Euſdale* they did begin
and fought a Battel to an end;
Where there was kill'd for our noble King
two thouſand of our *Daniſh* men.
Sir *Gilbert Menzies*, and of high degree,
the Kings Barron bold was born:
For a brave Cavileer was he,
but now into the glore he's gone:
The Kings Banner in his hand he bare,
for he was a brave valiant man:
Betrayed he was upon a night
by Colonel *Hacket* and *Strachan* then,
Wo to thee Colonel *Hacket* now,
and *Strachan* ill death may thou die:
For ye have betray'd our valiant *Grahame*
who was true to his Majeſtie.
The Laird of *Aſhen* hath catcht *Montroſe*,
and had him on to *Edinburgh* Town:
And from his Body has taken his Head
and quartered him upon a Tron.
Now *Huntley*'s gone that ſamen way,
Prince *Charles* alſo, our *Royal* King,
Hath ſuffered death for our poor Nation,
our mourning tears can never be done.
Our gallant young King is now come home
Prince *Charles* the ſecond and above degree
The Lord ſend peace into his time
and God preſerve his Majeſty.
Now fare you well you *Innerdale*,
Keith and kin that you may well ken,
For I would ſell my ſilken ſneed.
to ſee the gallant *Grahams* come hame:
Since *Wallace* days that we began,
Sir *John* the *Grahame* did bear the gree,
For the honour of our Royal King,
the Lord preſerve his Majeſtie.
For all the *Lords* in fair *Scotland*,
from the higheſt to the loweſt degree;
The Noble *Grahame* is to be praiſed,
ſo God preſerve *Charles*'s *Majeſty*.

FINIS.